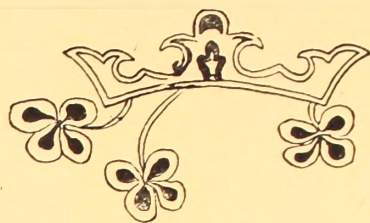
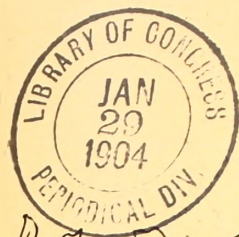


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A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development of the Human Race—Physical and Metaphysical.

VOLUME III.

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By THE EDITOR.

The Mighty Power Within--A Fast Ride.



HOPE leadeth man to the threshold only of a burning ambition; Faith safely spans every obstruction along the pathway of human progress.

It was a short time before definitely deciding to go to Arkansas that I was obliged, on a certain day, to make a flying trip over one of the numerous railroad lines leading out of Colorado Springs, Colo., to the outside world. I had decided to make the trip but thirty minutes before train time and my home was three miles distant from the depot; but knowing that the trains were often late, I decided to take my chances on making connections.

On reaching the depot I was informed that the train was thirty minutes late. I figured it up and found that if there were no more serious delays I could easily make my northern connection out of Denver; so I purchased my ticket—a thing, by the way, very difficult to accustom myself to after indulging in the luxury of editorial annual passes twenty years or more. But there is always a “tide in the affairs of man” when he thinks he is the perpendicularist thing on foot, that even the management of a modern double-track railroad fails to duly consider, so I disgorged rather than walk.

As stated, I purchased my ticket and then took a stroll up and down the depot platform for a half hour. At the end of this time, no train being in sight, I ventured to make further inquiries, when, to my great disappointment, I received the

further information that forty minutes more had been added to the delay, making the train one hour and ten minutes behind time. First thought I decided to ask for the return of my money and postpone the journey, but I had wired my coming and there was no way at this time to explain my delay. I did a little more figuring and found that if there were no more delays and the train made schedule time to Denver, I could reach the latter place just two minutes before the leaving time of the train I desired to take. Anyway, if I did not make this connection there was an early morning train out of Denver that would serve me in an emergency. So I decided to wait the additional forty minutes and at the end of this time the train pulled into the depot. I jumped aboard the train (everybody jumps aboard a train; they do not climb on in a rational, sane way. In traveling every one is licensed to make swine of themselves; at least they deport themselves as their bristle-backed brothers are prone to); so I jumped aboard, as stated, and soon the double-header was creeping slowly up the slope to the divide, twenty-five miles distant. This was discouraging on the start, but when I remembered that there were forty miles of down hill after leaving the divide I had faith that the engineer would open the throttle and try to redeem the good name of his company.

All went well until about thirty-five miles from our destination, when we encountered a section gang repairing the road and as several rails were displaced the train men thought it wise to leave further immediate moving orders to the section boss. Now had we been riding

on a certain railroad leading into Atlanta, Ga., I would have known that we could have run right over these trackless ties and the sensation to the occupants of the train would not have been unnatural or in the least alarming; but here in Colorado the railroad companies insist on running their cars the greater portion of the time on the rails, so we were obliged to wait twenty minutes for repairs.

Twenty minutes, did I say? What did that mean to me? It meant the missing of an important engagement and an all-night stop-over in Denver. That was all and that was enough. What was to be done?

At this moment the thought flashed through my mind: "Here is a splendid opportunity to test my mental powers on the engineer and fireman." Immediately I began the work. I focused my thoughts first on the engineer—to fill him with the desire to make up every minute of lost time possible from there on to Denver. I filled him with the irresistible desire to open wide the throttle and let his engine fly. At the same time I filled the fireman with the desire to shovel coal into the great yawning mouth of the fire-box as he had never shoveled before. I kept this up with all my power and strength for miles. I drew upon all my concentrated resources. During the first five minutes there was no perceptible increase in the speed of the train, but I did not lose faith in my ability to accomplish what I had undertaken and I continued pouring forth the vital fluid I was fast generating and bringing to the surface. Soon, however, the train commenced to double on itself, but I did not let up. I continued pouring my vitalized strength into the cab of the dumb, throbbing monster, and—a great race was on. Soon the cars were filled with dust and smoke and cinders were filling eyes and ears of the passengers, all of whom were bobbing up and down in their seats like automats; still we swept on. Many began to display evidences of alarm as the rear coaches fairly cracked as a short curve was made. The conductor passed through the train, smiling as he held on to the seats. The brakemen were stationed on the platforms. At this point I interrogated the conductor: "How soon will we reach Denver?" Pulling out

his watch he replied: "In twenty minutes." I said to myself, we will be there in fifteen minutes or I will resign the editorship of THE PATH-FINDER. We were there in just fifteen minutes, to the amazement of the entire train force except the engineer. He knew what he was about and handled his engine with the skill of an artist.

I reached Denver several minutes before the leaving time of the north-bound train and had to wait ten minutes longer for the train to pull out. I had also devoted a little time to the conductor of this train to induce him not to be in a hurry about leaving the Denver station.

I have ridden on all the fast trains of this country, including the New York Central and Hudson River lines, but this was the fastest short ride of all my experience on any railroad.

The question naturally arises in this connection, did I not run great risk of wrecking this train and bringing death and destruction to passengers and property? No; this was an emergency case. Had it been otherwise I would not have succeeded. I would not have attempted what I did. After filling the cab force with the desire to run this train to its maximum, I worked for an absolutely clear right-of-way and that no harm could possibly come to train or passengers. The same power that enabled me to set this engine throbbing and pulsating with its mightiest energy was no less available at my command to protect passengers and property. But should I attempt to use this power to "show off" or for any purpose other than in a legitimate or righteous cause, it would withdraw to the source whence it came, to remain in abeyance until such time as the physical part of me had learned its lesson aright. When the Divine power within man is perverted and made to respond to an unholy calling forth, the Soul immediately revolts and there is trouble all along the line. The avenues leading to this source of Infinite supply are closed and the physical commences its process of disintegrating.

But these are all matters of growth and development. They are not miraculous gifts, possessed by some and withheld from others. Every human being possesses the same Divine power, the outward manifestation of which is governed and con-

trolled by our own methods of living and doing. We cannot express Divinity through an uclean body any more than we can find regeneration through the medium of an orthodox contribution box.

The burning ambition of every man and woman should be to overcome every temptation of the flesh that obstructs growth and dwarfs the physical body. We often meet with what appear to be reverses and seeming set-backs, but all such experiences tend upward ultimately and we finally garner a harvest of pure gold.

The Golden Age is before us all. I get occasional glimpses of the Radiant Light and mighty Truths perceptible all ways to the Inner Self, and I know that I am TRAVELING, but how fast? I often ask myself. When will my anxious eye focus the Luminous Goal? When will my outstretched hand touch the outer fastenings?

We shall see.



The Missionary Fake.

THE past summer Reynold's Newspaper (London) gave a special correspondent full swing in the matter of English foreign missionary organizations. The results of his investigations were interesting, to say the least. He found that the Church Missionary society (Church of England) has an annual income of a little over \$2,000,000. The collection of this money alone costs about \$129,000; administration costs about \$79,500; salaries to 19 clergymen as association secretaries amount to about \$27,160. The London Missionary society has an income of about \$750,840 yearly, while its foreign secretary, the Rev. M. Wardlaw Thompson, receives about \$4,000 per annum, and others receive "proportionately large amounts." The missionary income of the Wesleyan Methodists in 1899 amounted to \$668,450, out of which four ministerial secretaries received "large salaries" in addition to extra charges for "children, rent, rates, taxes, house bill, house repairs, and replacement of furniture, coals, gas, etc.," amounting to about as much again. The Baptists in 1900 collected about \$363,580 for foreign missions.

In commenting upon his findings the special correspondent writes as follows:

"What are the results abroad? In India, with its population of 350,000,000, the number of converts made by the Church Missionary society, after more than a century's labor, is today 3,564, although no fewer than 3,424 agents are at work. How many of these converts are genuine is a different matter. The above number includes the helpless children. In the year 1889-90 there was a gain of 1,836, mostly the babes of converts. Thus it took two missionary agents and a sum of \$113,000 to secure one 'convert' babe, or adult, in a year. What a farce! This ridiculous result, too, is a falling off on the previous year. The other societies have even a more unsatisfactory record. Mr. W. S. Caine, M. P., on his recent return from India, writing in the Birmingham Daily Post, February 14, 1889, thus sums up his opinion of the attempt to 'Christianize' India: 'Educated India is looking for a religion, but turns its back on Christ and his teaching as presented by the missionary. As far as turning the young men they educate into Christians their (the missionaries') failure is complete and unmistakable.' A writer in The Contemporary Review for February, 1888, gives his Indian experience as follows: 'Christianity has taken but a poor grip of Hindu India. Its votaries are nowhere really visible among the population. A traveler living in India for two years might leave it without full consciousness that any work of active proselytism was going on.'

"And the alleged converts? The Church Missionary Society for 1900 says: 'At present there is rather a low standard of Christian living.' It is the same story as was told some years ago by the Rev. Sidney Smith, that the native who bore the name of Christian was commonly nothing more than a drunken reprobate, who conceives himself at liberty to eat and drink anything he pleases, and annex hardly any other meaning to christianity.' The London Missionary society in the 1896 Report (p. 186) asks subscribers 'not to despise the low ideas and motives with which they (the converts) come to us.' And, again, on page 145: 'A very large proportion who profess themselves Christians, and are baptized, are so very ignorant that great care and patience are required to make them intelligently ac-

quainted with the fundamental truths of christianity."

"In Ichang," writes Mr. Little, "the bibles that are distributed broadcast are largely used in the manufacture of boot soles," and, further, that no respectable Chinaman would admit a missionary into his house. In other parts of the country they (the bibles) are employed to manufacture papiermache tables.

"As to Africa one quotation may suffice. Sir H. H. Johnson, special commissioner for Uganda, and a man of many years' experience in Africa, says in *The Nineteenth Century*, November, 1887:

"It too often happens that, while the negro rapidly masters the rules and regulations of the Christian religion, he still continues to be gross, immoral and deceitful. They (missionaries) may have succeeded in turning their disciples into professing Catholics, Anglicans, or Baptists; but the impartial observer is surprised to find that adultery, drunkenness and lying are more apparent among converts than among their heathen brethren."

The quotations concerning English missionary work are made because the statistics are fresher than any American ones at hand. Uncle Sam has little, if anything, the best of John Bull in this respect. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he can make as good showing. His preachers and teachers are not backed by as much of the pomp and circumstances of the military in the out-of-the-way places of the earth, and external show carries weight.

The life of a foreign missionary is by no means full of harrowing experiences and sacrifices for the Christian faith. A fair percentage of them live better than they would at home. Those converts huddling around them who fail to grasp the teachings make very good servants and thus the contrite missionary is elevated to a place of ease and sometimes elegance. The Indian, Chinaman or African who turns Christian is in many cases seeking material rather than spiritual advancement, for the missionary is supposed to look after all his wants and protect him to the extent of calling on battleships and battalions from abroad. In consequence, he grows indolent, not alone that, but arrogant toward his for-

mer friends and associates, and this is at the bottom of the outbreaks against missions.

A Word Political.

I HAVE long been out of politics, never to return. My last to do prominently with politics was some years ago when the Democrats nominated me a candidate for the Iowa State legislature. I was defeated, the reason being that there were too many votes on the other side. This happens some times and I was not an exception to the general rule. Some times again, it happens that some men are elected to office when the majority of the votes are on the opposing side; but this is when the candidate is either not known, has a big barrel or has never before figured in politics. I was known, did not have a barrel and had frequently been in politics before, so there wasn't a ghost of a show for me. And I am mighty glad of it, for I was then trying to be an honest man. Honest men and professional politicians never sleep in the same bed. There is an epitaph on a tombstone in one of the Eastern cemeteries which reads: "Here lies a Democrat and an honest man." A cruel wit present propounded the query: "Why did they bury them both in the same grave?" Sure enough, why did they? But they didn't—not if the deceased had long been in politics. Professional politics and honesty will not only not sleep in the same bed, but you cannot even bury them in the same grave.

But I started out to say something else—something relating to the conduct of an Arkansas official. Recently the Governor of Indiana made a requisition upon the Governor of Arkansas for an escaped criminal. After duly considering the matter, the newspaper dispatches state, the Governor of Arkansas declined to honor the requisition until the Governor of Indiana had honored the requisition of the Governor of Kentucky for the return of ex-Lieut.-Governor Taylor, an alleged fugitive from justice from Kentucky. Now what has the Governor of Arkansas to do with this case anyway? No matter what the merits may be in the Kentucky case, does the Governor of Arkansas want a dumping ground made of his

State of all the criminals of Indiana? And this is just what he is doing. Any criminal from Indiana can now find refuge and protection from justice in Arkansas.

It is just possible that the Governor of Arkansas did not fully realize what he was doing when he made this ruling, but just the same he is committing a grave offense against the law-abiding people of his State.

Indiana rapines and murderers are now protected in both Arkansas and Kentucky. Let us hope that none of the other Southern Governors will adopt so unwise and dangerous a policy.

■ ■ ■

Shoes and Feathers.

THERE are a lot of people who pretend to wish to live along lines leading to a better condition in life, but who are constantly searching for some excuse whereby they may go on in the old ruts. These people, in addition to trying to find excuses for themselves whereby they may kill God's creatures and feed upon the decomposed carcasses of the same, are wont to pry into other folk's business with the view of ascertaining if there is not some flagrant flaw or inconsistency in the methods of living of those who advocate the non-use of meat in the dietary of the race.

I have often been asked the question if I wear leather shoes and sleep on feather pillows, and if so am I not encouraging the destruction of animal life by so doing? Accompanying every one of these queries, when read between the lines, is the manifest desire on the part of the inquirer to find some excuse, as before stated, for continuing to feed upon the disintegrating corpses of the dead. I have paid no attention to these questions up to this time. Not because I could not answer them in the most consistent manner, but because of the character and utter frivolity of them, and the apparent lack on the part of the questioner of an honest and earnest desire to seek the truth for truth's sake.

So far as the writer is concerned he has been long in search of foot apparel other than that made out of the hides of animals. In a measure he has succeed, but not altogether, and because of this par-

tial failure steps are now being taken to either manufacture a line of shoes for general purposes that are composed wholly of material other than that produced by dead animals, or find some shoe factory that will undertake to supply the demand. Some of the shoes worn by the writer are composed of canvas uppers and soled with rubber—such as are often used by athletes for walking and running purposes; but the aim is to be able to secure all kinds of foot wear that will take the place of that in general use at the present time, to which end, as stated, efforts are being made on the part of the editor of *THE PATH-FINDER*.

In regard to sleeping on feather pillows, much of the time I use no pillows at all, but when I do, I use a pillow composed of the best quality of cotton batting. It is about four inches thick and extends clear across the head of my bed. Special pillow slips are made for these pillows.

It is hoped that this statement will relieve the minds of our inquiring friends and they will now have time to go in search of some other bugaboo by which they can excuse themselves for not doing the right things.

Either this or that the life experiences which come to them will be of such a nature as to lead them into the higher walks that are strangers to bloodshed even for food purposes.

■ ■ ■

A Twenty-Seven Days' Fast.

A DENVER, Colo., reader of CONABLE'S *PATH-FINDER* sent us an interesting account of a twenty-seven days' fast she took in the spring, but in the rush of moving and other things the copy was lost sight of for a time. I had personally requested a statement of the results of this fast, so here apologize for its non-appearance until now. The statement simply shows what can be accomplished by any invalid who is endowed with a desire to be well and healthy. It matters not whether the personal demonstration that fasting will accomplish what this magazine claims that it will took place last spring or yesterday. The evidence is just as conclusive. Fasting is a purifier in all stages of decomposition. The body that is filled with the elements that destroy is in a

state of decomposition as well as disintegration. There is but one sure way to purify the body and it doesn't cost a red cent. The fever-stricken patient demonstrates to the world that his body is a mass of filth; otherwise there would be no fever. By the presence of the fever he tells the public in so many words that his body is so unclean and putrid that health is an impossibility. But he doesn't yet fully realize that to be sick is a disgrace to him. When we go around with filth on the outer surface discernable to the vision of others, we are at once denominated filthy creatures. Simply because the filth within us does not show on the surface to the eye, but manifests itself in diseased conditions in some form or other, is no less abhorrant and disgraceful. It is a great deal worse, for the effects are a thousand fold more harmful.

One of these days mankind in general will learn that to advertise his filthy condition by being sick and ailing is absolutely disgraceful in its character and will then take steps to put on clean raiment, both inside and out. When this happy time comes the face of the earth will see no more doctors forever.

Our friend writes under date of June as follows:

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE—DEAR SIR:—From April the 24th noon to May 22d noon I took no food, unless one lemonade would be called food.

Eight years ago I told a dear old doctor I would pay an undertaker in preference to a physician. Last year I went to an osteopath at \$25 per month. He earned it. With spring came the old trouble in the back of my head, neck, arms and hands—veins knotted, dark and swollen. I watched them come and go. I believed it pulmonary heart trouble. That is only guess work on my part, for I could not get any satisfaction from the doctors I asked. They probably thought that it would frighten me to death. Water did not agree with my neuralgic condition; hands too logy for needle work, which is my trade; then I own a white elephant in Cripple Creek that would not pay expenses and which would get me into trouble had I applied to the County Commissioners for care. So you see, Mr. Editor, there was nothing else for me to do.

Dr. Tanner starved out rheumatism, which gave me a hint. From Mrs. Charlotte Lowman (dear old lady) and Eugene V. Storrs, of Cripple Creek, I sponged all your works I could get. You will find that you have not profited financially by my reading, begging your pardon; so I set about my task to do or die.

My weight at the outset of this fast was 137 pounds; lost eight pounds the first two weeks. Walked every day from ten to thirty blocks and often more. Bowels moved in ten days. The fourteenth day brought a discharge that showed there had been no house-cleaning for a long time. The third week I laid around the house for reasons that women will understand, but experienced little

trouble. The fourth week I lost one pound. I took long car rides, attended an evening's entertainment on the 24th day. Attended one, two and sometimes three church services on Sundays. Ten pounds in all was my loss in flesh during the entire fast. Right here let me say I don't think I lost one ounce of good flesh. The clearing off of the tongue was like water marks on a sand bank. My eyes suffered weakness and I thought my mind would give out first, for my body was in excellent condition. I used cocoanut oil for baths and all the warm water I could drink. It was a surprise how delicious it tasted. Cold water would cramp me. I did not crave food, but the longing for entertainment I cannot describe. The trees were never so slow in putting forth their leaves. How I envied the small boy at full length on the grass in the park while I sat bolt upright until the cold forced me indoors. Driving I could think about it all I pleased. Beautiful things I wanted and all were out in the sunshine. Could I have known an unprejudiced physician to consult, I might be able to give you something worth the trouble. There were none and no five dollars to offer.

Fasting is no hardship. The habit of killing time at the table three times a day (the only rest some people take). Oh, the sleep. How can I ever forget it? My friends said that I would sleep my head off. I don't know what they meant. Yes I do—such a head was no good anywhere.

I have turned loose, so to speak, and told you all I can think of. My object in fasting was for personal benefit and not for the public; but if you can glean anything from this that will be of benefit to others you are welcome to it. If not, it will only cost you a match to light it out of existence.

Sincerely Yours,

S. C. EWING.

Richer Than Gold.

I RECEIVE hundreds of personal letters that I am tempted to publish, but because of their personal nature I know that all the readers of this magazine would not be interested, so I forego giving space to them on this account. Then again I receive a letter that I feel might strike the keynote of inspiration in the breast of some one who is loitering by the wayside and who needs the assistance of this magazine to pull them out of the rut and put them squarely on their feet. Such a letter I believe to be the following from an esteemed subscriber, Mr. Irvin Forsyth, of Hamilton, Neb. Mr. Forsyth writes:

MR. EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,—Dear Sir:—I have been an earnest reader of your valuable paper ever since its birth and think more of you for the wonderful truths you have given me than if they had been the richest gold mine in the Rocky Mountains. Now I am not trying to explode; I have passed that point and find that man is his own God and his own devil, and I have to get rid of the devil and become a living God just as soon as possible. I shall patiently watch Path-Finder home and expect to see it turn out real Gods. For my part I expect to follow out the teachings of your PATH-FINDER as closely as possible, and expect to grow from a pollywog to the highest type of manhood; and when I have reached the maximum of physical man I will thank Brother Conable for having shown me the way.

The Cure of Disease.

THERE is a cure for every disease and ailment flesh is heir to. There isn't the slightest doubt about this. This statement has been proven true in the past and it is being proven true the world over today. But the remedy for diseased conditions does not lie in drugs. This theory has long since been exploded. There is nothing in drugs that has ever effected a cure permanently. No one knows this better than the doctors themselves.

In the first place there is no rational reason why any one should ever be sick. Sickness, like eating, is a habit, not a necessity—the sort of eating most of us indulge in. It matters not if one has been given a puny, sickly body as a birth-right—handed down by parents diseased and deformed in body and mind—any person can overcome all negative and diseased conditions if only the *right* methods of living are adopted and maintained. The process is simple and it costs nothing. But, as we have often stated in these columns, the great majority of the human race would prefer sickness and diseased conditions rather than miss a meal or refrain from filling their skins full of decomposed food. All flesh is in a state of disintegration from the moment animate life ceases. It is also in a state of decomposition from that moment. Any food that is in a state of decomposition when taken into the stomach is only temporarily stimulating. It aids only in the growth and construction of cells and tissues that will commence the process of disintegration early in life; or rather, that will cause the whole physical structure to disintegrate prematurely.

Since the advocacy through the columns of this magazine of the general use of uncooked foods as man's natural dietary, there have been many experiments made by thousands of interested persons—those interested in coming into possession of improved health conditions. I know of many doctors, so-called, that have adopted my ideas along these lines and they are eliminating all forms of disease. Not only this, but they are preventing disease.

I was quite amused, recently, to read a paragraph, quoted elsewhere, from the *New York Sun*. A year ago this idea would have been howled down by the

entire medical fraternity. But it remained for non-professionals to discover that uncooked foods would not only cure disease, but prevent disease in every and any form—after once the system has been thoroughly cleansed by periods of abstinence from food of any kind. Like the great Cripple Creek gold camp in Colorado—the richest gold camp in the world of its size. All the expert minerologists in the country turned it down. They said the rock was absolutely barren so far as gold was concerned. But the prospector went ahead just the same and now the output from this little camp, six miles square (and the half of it has not yet been prospected), is \$25,000,000 annually. One noted English expert (?) was shown some rock not so very long ago that came out of one of the mines in Colorado. He was asked to pass his opinion on it. There was free gold running all through it. "That is copper you see in this rock," was the reply. But the owner of the specimen insisted that the expert was mistaken; that it was all gold. "No," said the Englishman; "I am a specialist in this line. I am a graduate from the technical schools in my country and I know gold from copper." "This being the case," was the reply, "I wish you would not say anything about it for I have been selling this rock to the Denver smelters for two years for gold and I would not like them to discover the mistake."

So it is the world over—the layman, so to speak, has been the discoverer of all that has been worth finding out up to the present time. Even in the face of the facts, you will find some physicians today who will tell you the doctors did not kill McKinley by feeding him too soon. But the world at large knows that this is true. And see how they bored holes through the whole internal anatomy of poor Garfield, looking for the bullet that didn't kill, any one of which would have caused death to the victim.

Here is the paragraph from the *Sun*:

U. S. Sailors sent to the Government hospitals at Forts Buford and Stanton are being cured of consumption by use of uncooked food intelligently prescribed. Practically the same thing occurs at the great Vanderbilt hospital in New York City, where hundreds of people believed to have consumption, or mal-assimilation, are being cured by having uncooked or natural food administered to them as medicine. One poor woman unable to sit

up in bed—thought to have been dying of tuberculosis—gained 4½ lbs. in 5 days after this treatment commenced.—New York Sun.

These Vanderbilt hospital physicians will, in due time, if they get a real fast move on themselves, discover that the "medicine" in the shape of uncooked food with which they are curing consumptives, will, "if properly administered," also *prevent* consumption and all other forms of disease. Then it will be given out to the world that a new, great discovery in medical science has been made by the famous (?) Dr. Half-Century Behind-the-Times. And the world will be startled—that is, the fool part of it. You can startle a fool any time. The wise man is never surprised. He knows that all things are possible.

The editor of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER and his co-workers are here in Arkansas to grow the things that will not only cure every form of disease, but that will prevent disease in every form that is likely to afflict the race. They propose to grow fruits and nuts in abundance, and can many fruits in an uncooked state so that they may be utilized just as they grow from the trees and bushes, that they may retain their natural vibratory life-giving properties.

But it is not expected that every one will drop right into the uncooked food dietary without preparation. It is largely a matter of educating the taste and changing the demands of the organs of the stomach, etc., from the largely purely stimulating foods to the *live* foods—food that construct live cells and tissues—cells that will not disintegrate except in the presence of physical abuses.

At first the organs of the stomach and body will demand the things they have been accustomed to and the uncooked foods, on this account, will appear to be less satisfying; so, as I say, the changing from the old, deadening ways to the new *living* methods of food supply is largely a question of education. But when once the change is effected there is rejoicing all along the line. There is no stuffy, deadening, sleepy sensation at the close of each meal. You feel full of life, vigor and such vitality existent within every atom of the body as never before manifested itself. You are making yourself anew—every part and parcel of the whole

physical structure—and there is gladness and sunshine everywhere. You feel as though you never could be sick again, and you cannot—not if you keep up the good work.

Another thing I came near forgetting that an uncooked dietary is responsible for: It builds alike in every department of man a desire to live a clean, pure life. Meat, as all know who have given any thought to the subject—or animal products in any form—feeds the lower desires of man abnormally. Sex excesses, and consequently a dwarfed and degenerate progeny, are directly traceable to the meat habit. Drunkenness and all other vile habits and practices owe their origin alike to the product of the slaughter pen. No human being can be clean internally who eats meat. This is one of the impossibilities.

Therefore knowing personally of the life-restoring principles of a raw food dietary, saying nothing about the moral effects it has upon the race, I am impressed at this time to rise up on my hind feet and congratulate the Vanderbilt hospital management, and all others who are displacing mere theory with facts, and I extend the hand of welcome to these cerelects with the same warmth that I would had they spent a whole life-time in the cause of suffering humanity instead of filling cemeteries and erecting tombstones as monuments to their long exploded theories.

The Rattler.

A SUBSCRIBER wants to know what I will do with the twelve-foot Diamond rattle-snake, one of which he encountered at one time not so very distant from Path-Finder Park?

Were I living on the same plane as the twelve-foot Diamond rattle-snake I would take mighty good care to get out of its way as speedily as possible. Should the snake ambush me I would fight until one or the other of us came off conqueror.

But people who are not carnivorous food eaters do not attract the carnivorous, provided they have once thoroughly cleansed themselves and reconstructed the body on lines in harmony with the designs of Nature. But the rattler always tells you of his presence by the vigorous

shake of its tail. It does not wish to harm any one. It simply wishes to be left alone. Nature has provided it with the warning signal as a means of self-protection and self-preservation. Life is as dear to the rattler as it is to any other creature on earth—man or beast—hence it warns man, the supposedly superior animal, to keep at a respectable distance. The rattler does not raise its warning signal when it is looking for something to devour. It coils up and remains perfectly quiet when anything in the shape of food approaches it. Then it gives a mighty spring on its victim and destroys it by the process of constriction, if possible; if not possible in this manner, then the poisonous fangs are brought into requisition.

One of the aims of Path-Finder Park is to so reconstruct all its inmates that they will not only not attract the poisonous rattler, but that they may rid themselves of negative surroundings and conditions of every character.

The Divine life within man and that within the rattle snake, or any other so-called reptile, is never at war with each other. There is perfect harmony between these forces. It is only the animal physical that wants to destroy—the stronger destroy the weaker. But this spirit of destruction would not exist except for man's depraved methods of living. Naturally man is in perfect harmony with every living thing and it is intended that he should protect the weaker wherever found; but this long perverted appetite has got the best of him and consequently obstructed the channels leading to the Higher Self, which is God in man, and he wants to kill his neighbor and everything else in sight when the carnivorous part of him has been aroused.

There will be no wars and no pestilence when man ceases to be carnivorous. No war was ever instigated or prosecuted except by the "christian" meat-eater. The blood-thirsty war instigators of the present moment, throughout every "civilized" country, are "christian" meat-eaters. The carnivorous human animal poses as the "civilizer" of the world, but in reality he is the peace destroyer and the red-handed assassin of his fellow-man.

Clean up, men and women—all of you—and stay clean. Cease to feed upon the

blood of God's precious creatures. Lower the weapons of murder and destruction you fondle so carressingly. Plug the port-holes in the huge battle ships whose yawning mouths have been stretched to the utmost limits in response to the hypocritical shouts from a "christian" pulpit and populace, that the "civilizing" influences of a "christian" people may be extended to the remotest corners of the earth and—the name of the Nazarene perpetuated.

Did I say hypocritical? Yes, a thousand times yes; for hypocrisy may be seen oozing from every pore of every great (?) teacher in latter-day christendom.

But there is going to be a day of reckoning—a day of house cleaning in every human anatomy. There is not only going to be, but the day is now at hand—at this very moment. The holocaust, the overland limited, the tidal wave and the volcanic purgings have taken a hand in the business, and those who decline to clean up themselves are being given a "back seat" on Death's Throne, there to remain until Gabriel has received instructions to cease tooting his dismal foghorn and exchange it for a golden-lined E flat cornet. The "angels" that can be aroused only by the tooting of a foghorn will require further purging. The real Path-Finder's auditory nerve is attuned to something better than rag-time.

So, my friend with Diamond rattlers in your boots, get a move on yourself and listen; *listen* for the sweetest music of which the Soul can possibly conceive. Listen for the Magic Voice that speaks only in the language of the Spheres. Any one who cares to can hear this Voice and understand it, for there is no mixture of brogue or dialect. It comes neither in Sanscrit nor hog-latin, hence the "church" will never be called upon to make revisions or reconstruct the Great Author. But this voice will not tell you to be on the lookout for snakes, or bullfrogs or centipedes lest you be consumed. It will tell you simply that the Divine Spark of Eternal Life is alike invested in every created thing, animate and inanimate; that there is one mighty Spiritual Center, resembling a huge Solar Plexus, inconceivable in its magnitude, whose billions of trillions of meandering Nerves carry Spiritual Life to all that Is, Has

Been and ever Will Be, and that there is nothing existent that is not connected directly with this Infinite Solar Plexus; hence all Creation is One, Inseparable and Everlasting.

And when we attract a canker to the great Nerve which fills our Souls with vital life and eternal energy, then it is that we pay the penalty for remaining persistently ignorant. We see and fear not only Diamond rattle-snakes, but all other kinds, and in our fear we hasten to take life, not thinking or caring, for the moment, if we do sever a connecting link with the Great Infinite. We are foolish enough to believe that we can weld this Life-chain at will.

But we have made a mistake. .

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Is Raw Starch Indigestible?

A GREAT deal is just now being said by the venders of cooked cereals and some others who are trying to expound on the uncooked food proposition—trying to excuse themselves and their friends for sticking to the deadening meat-eating habit. A friend in California writes CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER asking, "Is raw starch indigestible?" the query being the outgrowth of the claim that the starch in raw cereals cannot be digested; that the starch in all foods has to be converted into sugar before it can be digested and assimilated.

Now this questioner need not appeal to me or any alleged food expert to prove the utter fallacy of this statement. He can demonstrate its incorrectness himself, as can every one who cares to try the experiment.

It is a well understood proposition that all foods should be thoroughly masticated. But a small percentage of anything we eat can be properly digested in the absence of proper mastication. One of the beauties of the uncooked cereals is that one is *forced* to thoroughly masticate it before it is carried into the stomach. The starch in uncooked cereals, improperly masticated, will *not* digest; but when properly masticated the starch is converted into what is called dextrin, a sweet substance, making it easy of digestion and assimilation.

Now to test the accuracy of this statement, take a quantity of uncooked cereal and chew it—chew it thoroughly—not

merely with the Gladstonian thirty-two chews—but chew it so thoroughly that it becomes *liquid* in the mouth. Gradually there will be a change in the taste of the food. You will notice a sweet taste. This food is now in readiness to be conveyed into the stomach. The persistent mixture of saliva with it has converted the cereal into dextrin and it at once becomes one of the most healthful, strengthening and vitalizing foods that one can eat. It is a *natural* food. To cook the food first destroys the vital, life-giving energy put into it by the Sun and no process of mixture or pre-digestion can restore it to its original state or make of it a natural food for man.

Now I have no raw foods to sell; I have no cooked foods to sell, so I am not talking through my hat for commercial purposes.

Uncooked food is the natural food of the human race. Diseases in every form are being eliminated by its use. A thing that will *cure* disease will *prevent* it, and a thing that will prevent disease cannot be far out of the way as man's natural dietary. It resolves itself into a simple, common-sense proposition—one that can be demonstrated by any one who cares to make the experiment.

The cooked food venders are just now having their day of it—their harvest is abundant. But I do not wish it understood that I belittle any effort on the part of any one to put out pure foods on the market in place of the miserable adulterations that have so long been so conspicuous. These efforts operate as stepping stones to better ways and better conditions. They are an improvement on old methods. They operate as eye-openers to still greater possibilities along the lines of growth and improved physical conditions.

Neither do I contend that my teachings are the beginning and the end as they relate to uncooked foods. They are also simply stepping stones to higher conditions in life. But they are long steps, as any one will discover who is persuaded to undertake the ascent. They will place every one in the first row of the balcony where the vision may feast upon the glorious spectacular scenes in the great drama of life.

The tragic enactments are the exclusive property of the pit occupants.

Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, - EDITOR.

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SHORT PATHS.

Recently I heard of the shooting, near here, of a blessed little spotted baby deer that had been made motherless by the same fiendish process. But the law of compensation, which is the law of retribution, is inexorable. On this thought I feast my Soul.

There seems to be great rejoicing in the camp of the Path-Finders. The January number of this magazine seems to have found a multitude of warm hearts. Now, friends, help to swell your numbers to tens of thousands and there will be health and opulence measured accordingly.

The Church everywhere endorses our no-whisky creed, but it revels in the product of the slaughter morgues. Meat makes whisky drinkers, tobacco users and lusters in every form. Hence the steady disintegration of the Church. The Lord's Prayer and pickled pig's feet will not assimilate in the same anatomy.

A flock of beautiful wild turkeys recently spent several days in one of the orchards and woods near by. Did they come as a temptation or did they know that their necks would be spared on Path-Finder Park during the holiday stuffing season? These turkeys might have stayed here throughout all time had they so desired.

Some where, at some time in this magazine, you will find the path that will lead you out of the wilderness of dark despair into the radiant valley of realized hopes. It may not be in a month; it may not be in a year, but it will come, and often when least expected. Tell your friends who are in ill health and are filled with trouble about CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER. You will be spreading a saving gospel.

The beautiful crested red birds, absent a couple of months, are again with us. The gorgeous attire of these birds (the males) is something wonderful. The female is less conspicuous in her raiment, but no less proud. Think of a woman decorating her bonnet with the wings of these feathered beauties! When I see a woman with bird's feathers or wings on her hat I know that there is something the mat-

ter with her. I know that she will have to be born again before she will be sufficiently worthy to be called woman.

Recently I encountered a young man about twenty years of age with a double-barrelled shot-gun, three boys ranging from nine to fourteen years, and two dogs (ages immaterial), the whole outfit, with gun and stones, trying to dislodge one poor, innocent little squirrel that had found temporary refuge in the branches of a stalwart oak. I asked the young man not to shoot on the premises and he said he wouldn't. I believe he has kept his word. I have a mighty good opinion of the young man who values his personal obligation.

The summer houses for all-the-year-round purposes in northern Arkansas are a mistake. The lamented Bill Nye said that his doctors advised him to go to North Carolina for his health and live in the open air. He took their advice, rented a North Carolina house and lived in the open air. He might have done the same thing down here. We are running seven stoves in one house, some of them night and day, and we may have to add a few more. The average Arkansas house is a summer resort in the winter and an open box car in the summer.

It is with profound sorrow that the editor of this magazine learns of the bereavement which recently came to the family of his esteemed friend and valued contributor to these pages, J. Stitt Wilson, at Berkeley, Cal. Death stole away with his little baby boy. There were three beautiful young daughters in this home and when the little boy came there was great rejoicing throughout the entire household. Now there are grief-stricken hearts around the vacant cradle where slept little J. Stitt, Jr. But in the midst of this great sorrow there comes a fresh inspiration to the father to unfold greater truths in his sublime messages to the people. We all need lessons, but some of them come to us saddened and tear-stained.

Our esteemed "Hoosier Paths" contributor, Dr Snoko of Indianapolis, reports the mishap of a broken leg. Just how and under what circumstances the doctor does not state; but as this expert physician and surgeon is living, teaching and practicing the same doctrine promulgated by this magazine, he is certain to have two whole legs and a whole body in short order. By the way Dr. Snoko recently reported the advent of a little new baby girl at his home. Some months ago our esteemed associate, Colonel P. P. Brannon of Central America, reported a similar addition to data for the census bureau. May these little luminous rays of animate sunshine quicken the heart throbs in every parental breast and live to exemplify all the aspirations which dominated at their coming. I fairly adore little baby girls. I often love rosy-checked girls in their teens, and some times I like mature women when the silver nestles among the gold. My mother was a woman, therefore I may be excused for opening my heart in moderation to the sex.

Dead Yesterdays.

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.)

BY ERRANTE.

CHAPTER II.

I CARRIED the little one to the fire where the dead and wounded were being dragged forth, and a bustling sweet-faced old lady, one of the uninjured passengers, who seemed to have become the guiding spirit of relief personified, deftly re-wrapped the little tot in a dry overcoat, obtained, the Lord knows where, and shoving the bundle into my arms said: "Quick, youngster! run along after the rest of 'em to the house over there and give the little darling to the first woman you meet. Quick about it now and don't fall down. And in obedience I hurried off after the staggering line of wounded to a near-by farm house that was already fast becoming a crowded hospital. As I entered the kitchen in search of heat for myself and charge I was greeted with shrieks of "My child, my child, I will have my child," etc., from the lips of a frenzied woman struggling in the arms of a tall distinguished looking gentleman who, with the assistance of a half dozen passengers, was trying to passify her, and as she was looking and yelling directly at me as I entered, I took it that she suspected me of wanting to steal the baby, and answered, "Take your baby; I don't want it. I found it in the river and am hunting around for somebody to give it to." But before I had finished speaking half a dozen hands had grabbed the child; it had been unwrapped. The mother—for it was the child's mother—had seen it, loosened up a couple of yells that double discounted her anterior performance, and had fallen stiffening and kicking into the tall gentleman's arms. As it was not my funeral, and as nobody seemed to pay any attention to me, or my pitiable condition, which was more than uncomfortable, I undressed as completely as practicable in the presence of ladies, distributed my clothing for drying as advantageously as possible, and lay down on the polished kitchen floor by the stove to thaw out and

sleep while the drying-out process was in progress.

I was so fagged out, footsore and sleepy that I almost envied the dead victims of the disaster; but the continued hurried coming and going of the wounded and the pandemonium of unorganized assistance being rendered by everybody able to limp around, was too much even for the drowsiness that was wrestling with me and I lay for a long time enjoying the heat and listening to the general hub-bub.

"Bring hot water, quick! Tear up another sheet! Soap! soap! who's got the soap? Hurry up with a cup of tea! Bandages! Jim's dead! More bandages! Who's got a needle and thread? Whisky! Whisky! Hot water! Soap! Soap! Everybody yelling at once; everybody flustered and excited; half of them dancing around most of the time on one foot, interfering with those of common sense enough to be useful, and the tramp, tramp, tramp in the second story and up and down stairs, beating time to the general hum that gradually growing indistinct—I dreamed—that I was at home again with "those boys" and our school-girl friends, playing "button, button, who's got the button?"

I don't know how long I had been asleep when a gentleman of the agricultural persuasion came in and threw an able-bodied armful of stove wood on top of me—for the kitchen was without light the most of the time—and said, "Sense me, youngster." Then another gentleman of the same persuasion came in about the time I was again forgetting my troubles and, after wiping his cowhide boots on my stomach, said, "Sense me, youngster." And he was followed by the lady of the house who, after scalding me with about a quart of boiling water said, "Sense me, youngster." And then I got up and dressing myself said mentally, Sense me, but I guess I'll go back to the

wreck and see if I can't get killed according to Hoyle; and back I went stiff and sore and bitterly disappointed that neither the father nor the mother of the little tot I had saved from the river had even thanked me. I had lost my cap in the Delaware and my little bundle of clean linen had gone up in smoke with the smoking car, and, to add to my predicament, some one had walked off with my overcoat and mittens from the farmhouse kitchen, where, to add more to my misery, one of my boots had been badly burned in drying, and I was next door to bare footed.

Parts of the cars were still smouldering and several bonfires had been built for the accomodation of the workers and for light. The air was heavy with the stench of roasted flesh and rows of dead, or parts of dead bodies, burnt out of all semblance to humanity, were laid, covered and uncovered, along the track awaiting the coroner.

When I saw the great battered engine and tank on its side, half in and half out of the water, and the train men digging about it in the frozen earth in response to the moans of a crushed comrade, I could not help looking up to the star-lit sky and telling God that He ought to be ashamed of Himself. Has He no conscience? was my angry boyish query to my Ego.

The wrecking trains arrived with the doctors, medicines, provisions, blankets and the usual paraphernalia, and those of the wounded considered worth moving were put on one of them with the uninjured, myself among the number (my old lady friend having found a cap for me), and we started for Port Jervis. It was now daylight and on the train I found my thankless family again and the lady, who seemed exceedingly nervous, on recognizing me threw her arms about my neck, loosened up one of her liveliest shrieks and went into hysterics with a promptness of an expert at the business.

There are a number of things in this old world of ours that rattle me badly; but I think if I had choice I would prefer running up against a Gatling gun to holding an hysterical woman, and its been my luck all my life to steer myself in their direction if there's any of 'em within forty miles of me. They seem to

store up fits and wait until I come along, and I don't seem to learn anything about fits by experience. I tried to make a sneak, but the lady's husband, pretty near hysterical himself, shoved the baby into my arms, shouting, "For the Lord's sake, don't go away again; she has been hunting for you everywhere; she will go crazy if we lose you again." I thought she wouldn't have far to go, and when she finished kicking and stretching herself she cried and slobbered over me as if I were a long lost brother, and not only that, but insisted on stuffing my pockets full of greenbacks.

I was bewildered. It was my first experience with a female crank, and when I caught the husband alone I handed him the big wad of bills, remarking that his wife would probably miss them when she came to her senses; but, to my astonishment, he laughingly forced them on me, charging me not to separate from them again as he wished me to accompany them to New York, for I had told him I was a runaway, in search of work and incidentally wanted to see the world.

I was dazed at such generosity. I had never dreamed of being the owner of such enormous wealth—forty-six dollars—at such short notice, and immediately began investing it mentally in boots, in an overcoat and underclothing. I felt like a king.

The man who invented the rheumatic old saw, "money is the root of all evil," was either a combination hypocrite and liar, trying to bunco some one out of their cash, or a victim of Paresis. It is not, nor has it ever been anything of the kind. On the contrary it has ever been the lock, stock and barrel of human felicity on this whirling chunk of dirt we cling to and ever will be until man has solved the ultimate Mystery of Nature. It's the original Balm of Gilead; the Elixir of Perennial Youth; the Magic Charm of up-to-date modern Love, and the Lubricant of the ways to launch to Senatorial honors men whoshould be cooking coffee for cow-punchers.

Would you enjoy the thrill of its mysterious magic power? Step down on the next corner and hand a quarter to the first poor devil who asks for one. Hand it to him like a man, with no mental reservations or puritanical advice, and make him

feel as if he were under no obligations for it. Don't tell him that able-bodied men should earn their quarters, but just hit him a brotherly slap on the back. Wish him all kinds of good luck; but wish it for him from your heart. Hand him the coin and tell him to go and fill up on five cent red whisky, or clam chowder, just as he d—n pleases, and then crawl inside of yourself and listen. A tea-party of angels will be awaiting your arrival and your Soul will hear the music of the spheres, and the song birds, at the antipodes, chanting peans of praise, in perfect diapason to the God who loaned you the quarter. And smiling Nature will bend over and kiss you for pure joy; but remember the foregoing recipe won't work if anybody but yourself gets on to what you are at. Try it. It's a cheap experiment in Occult science, and you may make a gentleman of some unfortunate brother who has lost faith in human nature, but if you don't, you will be dead sure to make a gentleman of yourself. And when you feel yourself a gentleman you will not envy the Divine Right of President Baer & Co. to cinch the underground public wealth of the Sovereign State of Pennsylvania and sock up the price of coal in the name of Jesus.

When I boarded that train with less than four dollars in my pocket, nursing a burnt boot and wondering what I was to do for an overcoat, footwear and cap—the one I wore neither fitted nor suited me, having belonged to one of the killed and I was in dread lest he should catch me alone somewhere in the dark and take it away from me—the world seemed anything but pleasant and almost any kind of a mess of pottage would have bought me at a dead loss, but when I counted over my enormous wad of greenbacks, and realized that they were mine, all mine, the President of the Erie, could he have analytically compared feelings with me, would have thought himself mighty small potatoes, for I was at the portal of life, healthy and hopeful, and oh, how the jolly rollicking laughs seemed struggling to get at me from out every little incident of my surroundings. Even the hysteria of my benefactress seemed to take on an assortment of laughable phases and I seemed to see comical, elfish eyes peep-

ing at me through the tears of the many mourning passengers.

I was supremely contented with myself and the world in general; stiffness, soreness and drowsiness to the contrary notwithstanding, and I felt that I had ample reason to be. What boy of my age would not have felt the same? I had started out the world on seeing bent and here I was, inside of forty-eight hours, scarcely a hundred miles from home, flung to plutocracy unhurt, through the biggest railroad smash up on record. Any boy who would have desired a livelier start would have to be of an abnormal ambition. No, I was satisfied and proud. Gracious! wouldn't the eyes of "those boys" bulge if I should only go back and tell them about my experience? But I couldn't go back for the girls—confound them—would laugh at me and say I was a homesick milk sop, on the one hand, and my father would whale the life out of me on the other. I was in for it and would see the circus to a finish.

At Port Jervis where we staid several days to quiet the nerves of Mrs. Bancroft—the lady's name—her husband—Mr. Bancroft—bought me a complete outfit, including a trunk, overcoat, fur gloves, collar and cap of the finest otter, lamb's-wool underwear, boots and rubber overshoes, seeming displeased at finding so little that suited him to buy for me. And I made up my mind that I had accidentally steered myself up against my old and esteemed friend, Mr. Alladin in disguise, for I noticed that he would buy a lot of truck, the more expensive the better he would seem to like it and then instead of paying for it he would take a little book out of his pocket, scribble in it, tear out a leaf and hand it to the shop keeper, who would get excited, make him a present of a handful of bills and yell, "Here, John, take these goods over to Mr. Bancroft's hotel immediately," and then he would bow us out with fawning servility. It was the first of those little magic books I had ever seen and I wrote "those boys" that our old friend Alladin and myself were chums and that he had traded the lamp for a little book, as it was easier to pack about.

The baby's nurse and another of the Bancroft servants were killed in the wreck and Mr. Bancroft and myself were assigned the vacant positions owing to

the difficulty of obtaining suitable servants at Port Jervis. In consequence on the train to New York the care of the baby fell almost entirely to me, as its mother had contracted the habit of enjoying a fit every time the whistle was blown for brakes or crossings, and Mr. Bancroft was having a pretty unhandy time of it trying to hold her from falling apart. But with the aid of a bottle rigged up for me by one of the lady passengers, I won general approval as both wet and dry nurse, for the little blue-eyed bundle of pink humanity seemed to take to me from the start and would quit yelling and would applaud with dove-like "ah-goos" every time I started to tell her of the delights of "three-old-cat," base ball or racket.

At the ferry a *coupe* that took my breath away it was so elegant, awaited us in which we dashed into the roar and grind of the great city, to be set down before a brown stone mansion on sparsely settled Fifth avenue. Oh, what a palace it was inside. Not a bit of "rag carpet" anywhere, and "parlor carpet" all over the establishment. Rugs, pictures, chandeliers, silver ware, glass, marble, velvet chairs and sofas, enormous pier glasses, and—a billiard table! What would "those boys" say when they got my letter describing it all? Would they believe me?

Mrs. Bancroft was continually questioning me in past, present and future tense, and I was a bit inquisitive myself. Was I really a Catholic? Who taught me German and Latin? Were my people really Irish? Why did I run away from home? What was my right name? etc., etc. And she delighted in having me repeat the "Confiteor Deo," the Lord's Prayer and the "Ave Marie" in Latin for the benefit of her visitors. She was continually buying me clothing and books and was so continually dragging me about, visiting with her, embracing every opportunity on such occasions to make me display my varied accomplishments, that I imagine she must have looked upon me as a sort of pet monkey, but I was very happy and very much in love with my sweet-faced benefactress, for I could hardly formulate a wish before it was gratified.

At times when Mrs. Bancroft wearied

me with questions I would turn the tables on her, very much to Mr. Bancroft's amusement, by asking a few questions myself. Where did Mr. Bancroft get the magic book? Why did she keep so many servants? Did she like boys? For if she did I had four chums who would come by next train if she wanted 'em. Where did they make the heat that came out of the walls and floors? Did she wear flannels? Did her corns hurt? etc., etc.; and then she would say, "What a peculiar boy, John!" and her husband would answer between roars of laughter, "Very peculiar, Mary; very peculiar." I was always saying something that seemed peculiar to Mrs. Bancroft and her extensive circle of lady friends, of which I became at once the admired center. I was country bred, to them a novelty.

The boys on the pier, which I frequented at every opportunity I had of giving the slip to James, a red-headed Belfast German with whom I was sent to the park daily to play with the goody-goody boys, began by calling me the "Jersey Swamp Robin," and ended by dignifying me with the title of the "Hully Terror," for I licked the majority of them with neatness and dispatch, and became highly esteemed. After I had cleaned up everything in the shape of fighting material on our side, as far down as Canal street, the vanquished brought boys of my size from all over the city to whale me, and some of them were pretty stiff contracts; but what I lacked in science I more than made up for in strength, and although I often went home looking as if I had been run through a threshing machine, as a rule the umpires decided a draw or me the winner. Mr. Bancroft heartily enjoyed my many escapades, which I always truthfully recounted to him, being careful to give all due credit to my opponents; but Mrs. Bancroft would box my ears and scold me, often ending by having a fit.

The boys from about St. John's Park (an old-fashioned, beautiful breathing place for the poor of the Fifth Ward, that was gobbled up by the Vanderbilt interests later for a freight depot that is a disgrace to architecture), had hunted up an East Side champion they felt certain could "pound the liver out of me;" and one day when Mrs. Bancroft was away

shopping had brought him up the avenue and whistled me out to test the matter. He was a freckled-faced, red-headed boot black that looked to be a pretty tough proposition, as he was heavier than I was, but as I saw no way to an honorable back down and a retention of my hard-earned prestige, we went at it "hammer and tongs." He certainly could fight like a bag of wild cats, but I got him at last with a "collar and elbow," threw him and was trying to jam his head through a gutter grating when Mrs. Bancroft drove up shrieking, "Officer! officer! they are killing my boy." It was our family policeman she addressed. He had no love for me owing to a bit of copper wire that tripped his abundant avordupois into the realm of ridicule on several occasions while he was trying to steal out of the culinary department unnoticed, who as he stumbled up, swinging his club and separated us, answered, "Dade, they'r not, mam—more's the pity; it's killing all the lads in the town he'll be if yez don't put him in the Pinnytinchery pretty soon. It's the devil's own bye he's altogether, mam." He was answered by a freezing look from Mrs. Bancroft as she waltzed me up the steps by the ear and turned me over to Mr. Bancroft who, laughing all over, held the hall door open for us. "Did you ever, John?" "I never did, Mary," answered her husband enthusiastically. "It was a great fight. I watched it from the window above. The boy is a genuine Bancroft of the old school and I am proud of him." "Why, how can you, John! You are spoiling the child! You shouldn't talk that way in his presence. I think it's shameful," and turning to me with severity, she continued, "Run away now, young man and change your clothes. Have James put some arnica on your ear, and don't let me catch you fighting again or you will rue it."

From the landing I heard talking and laughing heartily in the drawing-room and I made up my mind that a good lot of Mrs. Bancroft's severity was put on for the occasion; but I also heard what made me an interesting caves-dropper and created a sensation of weakness about the knees. "Don't be alarmed, Mary," came the voice of Mr. Bancroft. "We will manage to keep the lad with us somehow.

He is the life of the house, and of the neighborhood for that matter. Dimmock writes me that his name is Frank O'Neil. His people are fairly well to do people, highly respectable and strict Roman Catholics. Sam says he is terribly wild, but that there is not a bad trait in his make-up. He had lived at loggerheads with the Irish Catholic Priest of the village whom he cordially hates, and the only clergyman whatever who has any influence over him is a Father Hayden, the German Catholic Priest, who taught him his smattering of Latin and German, and who has agreed with Dimmock to try to induce the boy's father to consent to our adopting him. Dimmock sent me this clipping to show that when he saved our little one from the river it was not his first exploit in that line, and I am resolved, in case we fail to get his father's consent to the adoption scheme, to pay his way through college and give him a start when he arrives at the proper age. His father is away on a wild goose chase in search of the boy, nobody knows where and nothing can be done in the matter until he returns;" and then when I heard Mrs. Bancroft having a fit I knew she had read of the affair with the Judge's daughter as published in the "Clarion;" that my *in cog* was at an end and that my father would be after me with wrath in his eye at no distant future, and I had small faith in the power of my kindly new-found friends to protect me.

It was habitual with me to think and act quickly. I had nothing to be ashamed of, for I had told the Bancrofts that I was a "runaway;" that my name was not George Brown, and had flatly refused further information, they, seemingly, contenting themselves with such as I gave and now that I found they had been quietly seeking information regarding me through the legal light of our village lawyer, Sam Dimmock, who, in after years I discovered was a distant relative of theirs and had learned of my whereabouts through their letter to him regarding the great disaster, I made up my mind that I was about becoming the victim of a conspiracy and decided to seek fresh fields.

After writing a long explanatory letter to my kindly benefactors, thanking them for their many favors and pleasures re-

ceived at their hands, I stole quietly into the nursery and, taking little Helen from her crib, kissed and fondled her for a moment, dashed down the stairs and hastened out of the house to hide my tears.

Twenty odd years afterward I was called from South America, an honored guest at a fashionable wedding, and as the happy bride marched from the chancel on the arm of her no less happy husband to the strains of the great organ, amid the smiles and congratulations of a multitude, memory lifted for an instant a corner of the curtain of years and I saw, by the glare

of burning cars a turbid river landing a water-soaked bundle of cooing humanity to a dazed country boy, and I wondered at the inscrutable ways of Providence.

* * *

The next day the quartermaster of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's side-wheeler, "Henry Chauncy," bound for Aspinwall, yanked me out from the cargo of the "for'dhold" a few minutes too late to send me back to the city by the Pilot boat, and dragged me into the terrible presence of Captain _____.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

Mail all questions or criticisms directly to Mr. Wilson at Highland Home,
Berkeley, California.

THE IGNORANCE OF COMPETITION.

"This one thing I do" said a great apostle of long ago. "This one thing I do" say I. "What is that one thing?" you ask, and I answer "I make Socialists". That is the purpose of this article.

I do believe that the present capitalistic system is a curse to the human race.

I do believe that there is not a single material, moral, social, or intellectual interest of the race that is not now menaced every hour by the continuance of this system.

I do believe that all the criminals in all the jails, or hunted by all the police, and awaited by all the courts, are petty disturbers compared to the diabolical criminal that this present competitive system is.

I am convinced that it is committing more robbery, murder, falsehood, deception, cruelty, than all the jail-birds could even think of, much less enact.

I therefore believe that every sane man should work to abolish this system. It would seem that scarcely any other effort is pardonable from any of us. No other effort will yield such immense returns in human welfare.

Doing then "this one thing" I come to the readers of the PATH-FINDER with another argument for Socialism, and

against the present system. As promised, I come to you with an argument as restated from the social philosophy of Lester F. Ward, America's greatest sociologist. The whole force of Ward's analysis of social forces, and his interpretation of the nature and structure of civilization, leads straight to Socialism as the only logical position for sane men and women. I submit to you in my words, and his, the argument promised in the last number. (If any reader of the PATH-FINDER, wishing to pursue this study further, will write me to the address given at the head of this article, I shall be only too glad to suggest to him a line of reading).

* * *

What I wish to do then is to convince my readers that a Competitive System is just the remnant of so much brute ignorance still manifest in our social and industrial structure, and that the Socialist System, which I advocate would be a triumph of human intelligence in the management of our labor and capital for the satisfaction of human wants.

A brief summary of what I showed last month will launch us into the argument. Man has a two-fold constitution,—Desire and Intellect. His desires are the motive force of his nature, and his intellect is the directive force. The especial manner

in which the intellect manifests is in the discovery and utilization of the forces of Nature for the satisfaction of his desires. Man discovers also that he can domesticate some of the lower animals and thus make them serve him, and also that he can so modify weeds and wild herbs by cultivation that he may have a rich harvest of grains and fruits. His art improves on nature. His art makes machines the avenues of mighty forces. His art makes civilization. In the struggle to exist man has thus turned his intellect upon the things that hindered him, or promised an advantageous response to his intelligent use. Wherever his wit conquers and utilizes the brute fact—he is free.

But man is still in forms of bondage, and poverty, the most dire of human ill, steadily stares him in the face. In spite of man's conquest of nature, in spite of his discovery of her wonderful resources, in spite of his mastery of the subtle forces that now wait upon him in the form of wonderful machinery, multitudes of the people find life hard and bitter in the struggle for existence.

This fact alone should force us to consider what is the cause of this in the midst of such abundant resources and limitless power. The cause is easily seen. It is that the vast power of civilization is really not a contribution to the happiness and welfare of the people because that power is operated in the competitive system, which is a brute system, adapted perhaps to the struggle of animals in the jungles, but deadly to man, and the more deadly and destructive the more this power is ruthlessly placed in action.

The essence of the competitive system is that each struggles for himself, seeking his own welfare, indifferent to the results inflicted upon others. This competitive system is considered to be almost sacred by people of the past age. "Competition is the life of trade" say they, and "There is lots of room at the top;" "every man for himself develops the man."

Then came the doctrine of evolution, and the believers in competition believe that they had scientific backing for their faith. Did not science teach that all was a "struggle for life" and the outcome would be the "survival of the fittest?"

What more could be wanted. And all this complaint against the competitive system is idle, say they. It is the way of nature and the best survive, and so the crushing of the lives of the poor; the iniquity of child labor; the beating down of the wages of the producing classes; the overthrow of competitors in the market;—all this misery, wretchedness, want and pain, now became justified by science as if by a veritable word of God.

I believe that this interpretation of social evolution, and the "survival of the fittest" has had a cold, steely effect upon the sympathies of multitudes of people, and it has palsied their right arms that would have otherwise struck mighty blows against economic might and social injustice.

Now the fact is that this is not the teaching of science. The teaching of science is with us Socialists and not with you defenders of this evil system.

Listen to the teaching of science, as interpreted by Ward, in his analysis of Social Evolution:

"The prevailing idea," writes Ward, "that it is the fittest possible that survive in this struggle is wholly false. The effect of competition is to prevent any form from attaining its maximum development, and to maintain a certain comparatively low level for all forms that succeed in surviving. This is made clear that wherever competition is wholly removed, as through the agency of man, in the interest of any one form, that one form inevitably begins to make strides and soon outstrips all those that depend upon competition. Such has been the case with all the cereals and fruit trees; it is the case with domestic cattle—so that we have now to add to the waste of competition its influence in preventing the really fittest from surviving."

I cannot do better than continue to quote the exact words of this distinguished scientist:

"Consciously or unconsciously, it was felt from the very outset that the mission of mind was to grapple with the Law of competition and, as far as possible, to overcome and destroy it. This iron law of nature, as it may be called, was everywhere found to lie athwart the path of human progress, and the whole upward struggle of rational man, whether physic-

ally, socially, or morally has been with this tyrant of nature, the Law of Competition." Could words be stronger?

And again he says: "And in so far as he has progressed at all he has done so by gaining, little by little, the mastery in this struggle. In the physical world he has accomplished this through invention from which have resulted the arts. Every utensil of labor, every mechanical device, every object of design, and every artificial form that serves a human purpose, is a triumph of mind over the physical forces of nature in ceaseless and aimless competition. In the social world it is human institutions—religion, government, law—marriage, customs—that have been thought out and adopted to restrain the unbridled individualism that has always menaced society. And finally, the ethical code and the moral law are simply the means employed by reason, intelligence, and refined sensibility to suppress and crush out the animal nature of man."

Thus we see that man has progressed despite your so-called glorious competition; that competition cannot produce the fullest; that man is only safe to the extent that he curbs, conquers, controls, and directs for social ends this individual struggle for life.

This argument is overwhelming and irresistible. The popular idea about evolution and competition is utterly erroneous. It is not scientific. I remember about three years ago meeting in debate Colonel Weinstock, a Jewish speaker and

writer of note in the State of California.

He defended Competition as exhibited in our social and economic life. I attacked it from the standpoint of the interpretation given above. I kept close to the purest teaching of science. It is needless to say that not my speech, but this irresistible scientific message proved overwhelming to the audience of two thousand people. The applause was deafening. The atmosphere seemed charged with power as the minds of the people grasped the really scientific treatment of the subject. But the climax of the meeting came when Colonel Weinstock stepped to the front to give his last word, and acknowledged not his defeat in debate—that was nothing—but his appreciation of the light thrown on the whole subject by the words quoted in my speech from Lester F. Ward. The audience went wild with delight, and the meeting broke up in a baptism of human fellowship. It seemed as though we all felt that our competitive struggle was now no longer a sacred God-ordained necessity in human evolution, but a dark remnant of the methods of animal ignorance transferred to the human plane, absolutely unnecessary, and only awaiting our intelligence absolutely abolish it and usher in an era of brotherhood and co-operation.

Science thus leads me straight to Socialism. Science is organized sense. I follow. Do you? I shall continue the theme further in our next number.

Hoosier Paths.

BLAZED BY D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

THE PHYSICAL ENVELOPE.

Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews.—JOB.

Whatever may have been the patriarch's knowledge of anatomy, his figure of speech is altogether apt, and gives us a hook whereon to hang the chart of our monthly stroll.

The human skin dowered with beauty or wrought into hideousness by sensual fires; sating smooth with baby dimples or furrowed upon its parchment surface with the lines of age; aglow with the fires of

life's prime or sodden with disease, it clothes us all, and enwraps the microcosmic aggregation of atoms we call man. Upon its undulating outline we trace the Grecian form of ideal beauty, and the Falstaffian grossness of taste gone mad, also the wizened features of the mal-assimilate who looks a very skeleton as he moves on his way.

But enough of figure at this juncture. Let us get down to plain, every-day fact, regarding this wonderful covering which means so much to us all.

Most persons are unaware of the part the skin plays, or should play in the physical economy, although they are in the habit of wearing it daily.

A truly healthy, properly functioning skin implies a healthy man or woman, and an unhealthy, illfeeling individual is sure to have an abnormal skin. Indeed many who think themselves healthy show most plainly by this integumentary covering that they are not in normal health.

The healthy skin is unbound, i. e. loose from the muscles underneath and one fine test of this is to pick it up between thumb and index finger upon the forehead, temples, cheeks, neck in front and back, upon the sternum or breast bone, upon the spine, abdomen and thighs, the shins, insteps fingers and toes.

Many who try this will find it rigidly adherent at most of the points named. There will be bunches of fat(?) i. e. fermented flesh clinging to the underside of the skin and over these bunches, on the outside, the forces will mostly be closed and inactive.

It is these bunches under the skin that cause the set expression of face and figure. Were it not so, the face would retain its sprightly youthful expression throughout life. As it is we are, most of us, peering from behind bunches and adhesions, and because of the gradual transition, do not note the change in our looks.

How often it occurs that a fairly handsome face is changed into an ugly one after the lapse of a few years, and the sole cause is as we have indicated in this and the preceding issue.

The man eats more than is digested; it is passed through the stomach and fermentation occurs with the result of disfiguring bunches, adhesions, etc., which push the features out of their naturally artistic alignment.

Look at this boy of sixteen and that girl of twelve or fourteen; how expressive the faces are! Now note the man of forty and the woman of thirty-five and see how set the expression is, and not set in beauty either. Why?

The skin has adhered, and through the cause of the adherence has become inactive. Because of its inactivity it has become inelastic, and because of its inelasticity it is "set." See?

Sometimes the bunch settles between

the shoulders and a "stoop" of greater or less proportion follows. It may settle under an arm and thenceforward that shoulder is higher than its fellow. It may settle in the neck glands, and we have goitre, scrofula, etc.

Most cases of deafness and failing eyesight find their source in these fermentation bunches. They impinge upon the optic and auditory nerves and disorder of vision and hearing results.

So called heart trouble may in most instances be traced to a like cause, and sexual difficulties often have no other foundation.

But it is the external covering we have under consideration and we must stick to our text.

The assertion that "beauty is only skin deep" is true, and, in the light of this article, most significant. It naturally enough follows that the cause of beauty's loss is also only "skin deep."

There are millions of pores in the skin, little openings through which impurities are cast off. If only a few of these be closed the individual owning them is not well. The skin is said to be inactive when the pores do not perform their normal function of excreting (throwing off) waste.

So often this occurs in the skin of the face, and there appear what are vulgarly called "black-heads" or "worms" in the skin. Sometimes people make an effort at covering these blemishes with powder and paint, but they only succeed in making themselves ridiculous and increase their trouble at the same time.

When this inactivity of the skin is general, i. e. all over the body, disease of the internal organs is sure to occur, and it is not long until the kidneys, or the liver, or the lungs, or the stomach, or the heart become involved, and we say the person is sick.

The arteries of the body come near to the surface under the skin, and when the skin is not clogged, they are enabled to throw off through the pores much of the effete matter that has been worn out in the system.

It is estimated that a man of one hundred fifty pounds, if in normal condition, will throw off forty six ounces of water and effete material during a warm day.

In a year this aggregates over a thousand pounds.

This cannot pass out unless the skin is in good condition. The old layers of horny scales must be cast off or washed off every day. This requires a bath which should preferably consist of cold water, and be done in the morning on rising. A dry towel rub at night from head to foot facilitates matters.

The drinking of distilled water and dieting mainly upon nuts and fruits will also be of first importance in maintaining the health. Indeed the fruit and nut diet is the only rational method in eating, and its observance will in great measure guard against all illness.

But this bathing and diet and drink are aimed at keeping the well well; and now the question arises, is there alleviation and cure for the clogged, adhered and encumbered skin which clothes the sick and the ailing?

Most certainly there is for those who have the will to pursue the right means to the right ends. There is sufficient virtue in air, sunlight, water, earth and exercise to heal not only disease, but to change ugliness of face and form into natural and therefore beautiful conditions.

Beauty is, to a degree, an art and the art can be successfully pursued under Nature's contributions as given in the paragraph above. The air, water, sunlight and earth are never exhausted and the will to exercise can be cultivated. The hands upon the dial may be turned backward and the disfigurements of age and invalidism so current now, may be exchanged for beauty of face and form.

Any one who will study upon this matter will readily hit upon means of using these riches of Nature to alleviate and heal existing wrong conditions and preserve their comeliness as an unchanging birthright.

The porous nature of the skin renders it very susceptible to dirt; particularly is this true of the exposed parts, as the face, neck and hands, which readily become charged with the dust that is blown about by the winds.

The surest and best method of cleansing these parts from dust accumulations, is to rub into the parts a little, slightly

warmed pure olive oil, afterward rubbing it off with a soft dry cloth. If this is done at night just before retiring, the effect will be apparent next morning in a smooth, clean, soft and flexible skin, free from shine and pleasing in feeling.

Soap should be used sparingly in treating the skin particularly soaps that are harshly alkaline and made from animal fats. Only those soaps made from vegetable oils are desirable.

Gentle massage of the facial surface and hands, if rightly done, is of great value and should be performed once daily, the best time being just after retiring for the night. It refreshes and exhilarates the parts, aids in relaxing the entire muscular system, gives refreshing sleep, and is a bar to unpleasant dreams.

The most intractable skin diseases may be overcome if the proper hygienic steps be taken and due attention be given to sanitary conditions.

As a rule, drugs only modify but do not cure. Often they change the character of an ailment rendering it less unpleasant and invisible, but not eradicating it.

Since the skin is the physical expressor of human comeliness and beauty, and since it is as well the channel through which impurities are carried from the system, it is a moral as well as physical obligation resting upon every individual to carefully attend to its requirements.

A volume might easily be written upon this subject with no fear of exhausting its merits or destroying its just claim as a most essential factor in human health and happiness.

To him or her who has a just pride in personal appearance this chapter will not be penned in vain; and it is this same just pride which renders the successful man and woman able to hold their own in the front ranks where they shine conspicuously in the social and ethical firmament.

Take good care therefore of the clothing with which dame Nature has invested you, and your days and nights will be full of comfort and pleasure, and you will be pleasing in the sight of your fellow men and women all the days of your lives.

Thoughts and Epistles of a "Hayseed."

BY CHAS. A. OLIVA.

SHIFTED INTO THE OZATKS.

A rumbling of the train; whistling of air-brakes; a pause; a last hand-shake; and I was changing locality to the energetic puff of a locomotive and the rhythmic click of car-wheels as they manifested themselves in their oft repeated function of computing linear measure. It was at the waning of a typical Kansas day, which was in about the sixth definite change of weather since the time of its dawn. And in this particular state it was cold and cloudy, with air damp and penetrating. And while I sat watching the flitting landscapes and was musing over my affairs at the parting of that day, the great law of change was suggested to me. How the law of all growth depended upon some change. Should not this axiom apply to me in all its phases? The day had been changeable and I was changing my physical surroundings. Yes, I was leaving the good old Sunflower State with its regular, smooth and expansive fields; its irregular and fitful weather of drouth, floods, blizzards, winds and some most enchanting days. I was leaving the scenes and haunts of my childhood days. The place where I used to go to a little country school-house and have my share of hardships and hard lessons. But were they really hard? No! Never! Unless I made them so, as many another youth does today, not realizing what he goes to school for, nor that he is working for himself and never for any one else. I was leaving the precious spot where in years gone by I used to play the role of the bare-foot boy, with most of the time no one for a companion excepting a faithful dog and nature herself—catching butter-flies, hunting bird's nests, picking wild flowers, playing in buffalo wallows, puddling in mud, swimming in ponds—and what not. I was leaving the scenes where I experienced all my joys and sorrows. Sorrows did I say? Yes, sorrows. Because I did not understand the laws that overcome all trials and tribulations and make one free. And yet it was well for me as it was, for it built me for the future and I do not doubt its good results. I was leaving

behind dear friends both tried and true; brothers and sisters and a good mother, who now misses my physical presence. Yet for all this, I had not a single tar to drop upon the sanctified place of my youth, or to thus mark my presence in the past. Just for how long a time I was leaving, I was not qualified to disclose. I knew that all would be well, and that I would again have the pleasure of coming back to pay homage to all that I was now leaving behind.

But there is a time for everything. For time and tide are ever active and ready to serve every one who is ready for the serving. It only leaves those that are not ready as it passes on.

Cases of others have come under my observation, where it seemed that they had apparently reached their highest ideal; at least there they were content to become crystallized. Was I to do likewise and grow old too, when there was no need of it? No! It would be violating nature's higher laws; the very laws whose enforcement, or rather, natural application, bring better health, instil hope and courage, make a more buoyant spirit, a more perfect body and bring cheerfulness, happiness and peace. Yes, I would follow the ever faithful little guide that always leads one right; whose journey is endless and the possibilities *en route* unlimited.

My journey was uneventful; being almost wholly accomplished during the thickened shadows of the time when most people take an unconscious journey to dreamland. However, whether I was the cause of it or not, the train had run about an hour and a half behind its regular schedule. So that my ride extended so much longer into the earlier light of day before I reached my destination. This was Rogers, Arkansas, where the good editor of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER was waiting for me, and from whence ere long he, with another true Path-Finder, were speeding with me over roads already made familiar to me, by a former introduction to them, in a flitted portion of the realm that waits for no one. We were going toward PATH-FINDER PARK,

where the home of the Path-Finders was reached shortly after the passing of the day. Here I met more Path-Finders and acquaintances and some acquaintances whom I had never met before—that is not physically, if my memory serves me right.

Here I was more than entertained by the mirthful and musical loving members of the Path-Finder household. For me, to attempt to describe the exquisite beauty and art manifested in the vocal selections that enchanted me so much during the first evening and many times since, would be a disgrace to the columns of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER. And as the world will learn of this later, through a different source than myself, I shall refrain from attempting a further description of something that I am not qualified to do from my present state of unfoldment. But, this very fact, concerning the accomplishments of those that strive for the bettering of self, brings something to my mind that I *do know*. And that is this: There are some people in this world—sad is the fact and more the pity—who are wont to think that the Path-Finders are “sleepy-heads;” that because they do not have an endless lot of soul-torturing physical habits they cannot enjoy life. That because they do not eat meat, they must be “cranks;” etc., etc. Yet this only makes me smile. For although the Path-Finders do not try to convince, nor teach any one in any way as regards their doctrines, they know that this class of people will have all this to take back some day and will do so as fast as they accept the truth of life. No one can be a “sleepy-head,” a “crank,” a fool, an ignoramus, etc., etc., who seeks to live the life that brings robust health.

* * *

The next day I was shown around the buildings so that I could again take a mental inventory and compare it with what I had seen here six month before.

I could at once see that many changes and improvements were made almost throughout, to make everything more convenient and add to the comforts of the Path-Finders. Of course I was ushered into the spacious building, that in former years served the purposes of a school-house, but which now is used for the purpose of printing CONABLE'S PATH-

FINDER. Here I now have the opportunity to “catch onto the curves” of how the Path-Finders are made.

Up to this writing I have taken several quite extensive trips over the PATH-FINDER domain, always enjoying the scenery immensely. Though I had seen the most of it before when it was sending forth its springtime's fragrance, I could not tire of mingling out with nature's rugged physiognomy and majestic sentinels; especially when I had a good companion with me.

While I admit that there is not a corner on earth entirely devoid of some of nature's expression, it is not every place that has so much of it to the square foot as this spot here. While most of the trees have shed their gorgeous summer raiments, the contrast in the scene is more marked. Everywhere are bare leafless trees of all sizes and forms, mingled with others that still cling to their dress of variegated hues of the autumn fashions; and still others, the beautiful green pines and cedars, that stand out boldly with their never changing styles, and all of these together forming an endless series of scenes over which an artist would go into ecstasy. Then there are the springs and brooklets of pure water; the paths winding through the woods and hills; and the picturesque scenes incident to the physical makeup of the Ozarks.

These are the surroundings of the home of the Path-Finders in PATH-FINDER PARK, where all is love, happiness and peace. And while there is not the remotest indication of this becoming otherwise, for the understanding of the higher law never admits it, yet, should anything of this nature ever come to pass to be beyond the power of rectification, it will simply mark the time when I would forever shake my feet off PATH-FINDER PARK. For that is not what I am searching for and trust that all who may ever set foot upon this beautiful tract with the intention of making it their home, have something of the same, or higher ideal in view.

But this is intended for people who wish to advance; who wish to grow and expand in every direction; who are in search of the truth, better health and a more perfect development; who want to get away from all the hindrances of

growth and live in harmony, where they can reach out after their higher ideals and come in closer touch with the Infinite. This is what the whole world is seeking, in order to avoid a repetition of calamities in by gone ages.

Personally I have experienced that it was the first time I ever left home—and perhaps the only time in my life—to again reach home without retracing my journey. It is the kind hospitable treatment by all the Path-Finders and the general harmonious atmosphere of my surroundings that makes it to me a Home, Sweet Home.

Strengthen Body and Mind Alike.

DEAR CONABLE:—THE PATH-FINDER, so welcome to our sanctum, has just come to us dressed in the "SEVENTH CREATIVE," which is a standard color with us.

We are more than pleased to have it with us once more. It is the "balm" that soothes the monotony of one's physical surroundings. It says: Come up where we are. Be more noble, more exalted, and more divine. It is a comforter to all who can and will comprehend its meaning. It is an angel of love and peace and order. May it exist into eons of time and succeed in the gathering of the ripe fruits of the earth,

Great is he who discovers the law of nature and applies it to serve a useful purpose.

We have felt all along, dear Brother, that you were adjusting yourself to your new home and to the new surroundings. Righteous adjustment (right arrangement), does not come to any new condition all at once. It requires time for proper affiliation. Changing the home or place of reconciliation is liken to the changing of one's body. In initiating a "new move" it requires time for qualification.

To those who understand, your explanation is simply a waste of energy. As many do not understand, your explanation becomes a necessity. Moral: When the group becomes large enough, you can take in the slack and reserve the waste for a better and more wholesome purpose.

The "Fool-Killer in Demand." Yes, my brother, but deal kindly with these conventional sticklers. This lot of weaklings do the best they know under their present order of life. They jump at conclusions. They are illogical. They are scattered. They are not concentrated. They generalize, and do not discriminate. They are to be pitied, for they are really nowhere, but in confusion. One of them out of their namby-pamby mee-to vibration gets rattled so that he usually has a fit off-hand.

These humans of habit, filled with temporal, carnal and mortal desires to which they are absolutely subordinated, "dire slaves" living wholly in their lower or baser natures, having not dominion over themselves, can little be expected in this insane, unnatural and artificial state, to report anything very correctly or truthfully.

Their life being a mistake in its selfish order, what could be expected of them but mistakes and blunders?

Pity them, for they know not what they do.

Then, Brother, your "Somewhat Personal" on page 7, shows where many so called new thought advocates are at. The most of these mortals are in the game out of mere curiosity, or, because they

think it great to be different than anybody else; or because it makes prominent their personality; or, because they delight in presenting something supposed to be new, or, because of the money that can be gathered out of the new arrangement.

There are but few that I have met that have made any great attainment. Changing little in the physical body, the most of the attainment is in "the mind."

What good does it do for a man to change his mind if he cannot prove up his change by the acts of his physical body?

What good would it do me to tell people that I am practically immune to the effects of the elements, and when put to the test in the nude state, to get the croup or pneumonia? I would only show that I was a base fraud, not only to others, but to myself, and would make myself ridiculous.

I believe in a man doing what he says he can do.

To first get in shape to deliver the goods, and then deliver them; which is easy, so easy.

For man to simply change his mind and imagine by that, that he has changed his heart, with his thinking brain still subordinate to the wailings and sensations of his baser nature, with bile on his liver to the point that he is susceptible to every little change in temperature, and then say or think that he belongs ready to a new order of things, is to deceive himself and others as well.

Such an one is an injury to the cause of righteousness, justice, truthfulness and reality.

But all these things have to be contended with. I can imagine well the feelings of the man from Chicago. He had not overcome. He was overcome. Fate had him dead to rights. He was overfed and over-habited in many other ways. He was not ruling, but was being ruled.

Now, man wants to be in position to make friends with his surroundings, whatever those surroundings may be. He must be able to make adjustment to them. He must be able to sleep anywhere from a cold room to a haymow, or out of doors. He must be able to eat in moderate amount any form of food, except "murdered flesh," cooked or raw, and not have it disturb his equilibrium. If food is not suitable to his wants, he must be able to go without until such time as he can adjust himself to more wholesome conditions.

Such an one, I should consider, was getting somewhere.

The man who is subject to his surroundings for food, clothing and shelter, and must have them just so and so, in order that he must be satisfied, is the direst slave. He is so weak that if famine or pestilence should come on the land, he would turn up his toes the first time he got out of his old vibration.

Let us go on and not be that weak, my brother Conable.

Success shall be yours now and forevermore.

Faternally. J. E. RULLISON, M. D.

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